THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO V.

"Laughs at the drop on misery's languid eye,
And sees her bursting heart without a sigh."
PINDAR.

PRUDENCE is the favorite virtue of age: all our successes in life are attributed to it, and if we are disappointed in the expectations we have formed, we are told that our plans were laid in haste; that we drove on without reflection, and in short, that we must have been imprudent.

I am young, and may be censured for inattention to the lessons of experience; but my heart tells me that there are circumstances in which Prudence would be a cold director; and if it were only to govern us when giving alms, I should be tempted to exclaim with *Lee*,* "It is a rascally virtue."

PITY has long been held to be a selfish passion, and it is easy, when supplicated by misfortune, to reason away the little compassion that we possess: but he who calculates when distress presents itself; the probable chance that his bounty may be misapplied on an undeserving object, or more prudently reflects that probably when his head is whitened by the snows of age, he may want the charity he is now bestowing, can have no pretensions to Benevolence or Humanity.

I have been led to these reflections from observing the conduct of many, (some of whom rank high in society for probity and virtue) when misfortune has been suing at their door. My blood has boiled with indignation when I have heard them exclaim, "Push off; bless me, why don't I pay a monstrous poor-tax? Are there not 80,000 dollars raised in this city to support all you vagrants? Must I be forever pestered with such wretches?" or, "Ha, you get drunk; I see it in your face: no not give a farthing: go to the overseers of the poor; my money is not to be spent in a tavern." While some have indulged the following reflections: "To be sure the man looks miserable enough, but dear a me, were I to relieve all the unfortunates I meet with, what would I have left to subsist on myself? my family will need all I can save by industry." And the door is shut on the miserable supplicant.

Gracious Heaven! and does the benign spirit of our holy Religion breathe such language as this? Is it not sufficient that the object is poor and destitute; that his garments are in tatters, and his half-covered limbs are shivering at this inclement season; that his frame is emaciated by disease; that the petition approaches you from the feeble tongue of age?—You have looked in his face, and have seen that his spirit is broken; that his life is bitter, and he is sinking to the grave in sorrow. Is not this sufficient? Why then recommend him to the scanty pittance provided by law? or why indulge the dirty reflection that his distresses have come from his own imprudence? Obey the first impulse that always directs the hand to the purse, and let it not be drawn out empty: his life is now far more wretched than thine; let this determine thee, and glory that an opportunity presents to gladden his heart.

"Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
"Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
"His pity gave, ere charity began."
GOLDSMITH.

Whenever I feel an inclination to refuse a mite to a beggar, I recollect the sentiment of a young and lovely female: "I have," said she, "just refused a pittance to a poor wretch, because I thought him base and undeserving: and I am now censuring my conduct, from this reflection: If I had nothing but what I deserved, how much my blessings would be curtailed."

Would to heaven that this sentiment pervaded every bosom. It was this that led the immortal Howard to forego the luxuries of life, and roam through Europe, searching after objects for his bounty; to descend, regardless of Health and Life, and comfort the miserable souls that were pining with disease and sorrow in the damp and dreary chambers of the dungeon. It was this that in our own time influenced the mild and benevolent Savery, whose loss is so severely felt by the lower classes of society, and whose grave has been watered by the tears of thousands of the sons and daughters of poverty.

D.

2d mo. 1806.

* General Charles Lee.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE SOLDIER.

Fierce from the north an Iron tempest roars,
Recoiling nature shrinks before the blast,
Whilst from her gelid lap stern winter pours
A fleecy deluge o'er the howling waste.

Yet *here*, rude season! all thy threats are vain:
Here genial plenty spreads her cheering store,
And festive laughter bounds thro' every vein,
But ah! the sufferings of the houseless poor;

Torn from his home, from ev'ry comfort torn,
O'er yon wild heath behold the warrior stray;
No roof to hide him from the glance of scorn,
No hand to guide his solitary way:

Weak, helpless, hopeless, as he eyes around
The whitening scene, a prospect bleak and drear,
He groans, sad out-cast, with despairing sound,
And down his bosom streams the frequent tear:

Can those scant locks endure the tempest's rage?
Can those weak limbs resist the pelting storm?
Will frosts, relenting, spare the nerves of age?
Or drifted snows the venerable form?—

Ah, no! forever on the mortal bed
Powerless he lies, subdu'd by winter's force;
A faint convulsion heaves his palsied head,
And one slight pang extends the stiff'ning corse.

Yet this was he whom nature form'd so fair:
With grace, with swiftness, and with strength endu'd,
A bold proportion and a martial air,
Tho' not the boastful eminence of blood.

Within a father's humble cot he grew,
Till youth to mantle in his cheeks began;
Then, all alive for fame, the stripling flew,
Sought the rough camp, and started into man.

Wherever glory call'd, his arm was seen,
Still foremost to provoke the bloody strife:
In the dread van he march'd with dauntless mien,
And laugh'd to scorn the meaner joys of life;—

Till, on a fatal day, too rashly warm,
Plung'd in the thickest of th' adverse band,
A cruel faulchion lopp'd his better arm,
And stretch'd him senseless on the bloody sand.

Yet still he liv'd—his pitying comrades bore
The fainted warrior to a neighboring shed:
There Physic open'd all her healing store,
Conspir'd with youth, and snatch'd him from the dead.

Lost to the martial labors of the field,
Homeward the mutilated warrior hied,
To seek what help his native plains might yield,
And boast his sufferings with an honest pride.

There the lov'd guardian of his tender age,
Expiring, bless'd him with a weak embrace:
He pour'd his filial sorrows o'er the sage,
Then tried the bounties of a selfish race.

Chill'd by the hand of want, his youth decay'd,
His manhood misery, and his age a blot,
Now, e'en the customary rites unpaid,
On the wild heath his bones are left to rot.

Unfeeling creatures, where is all thy pow'r?
What tho' vast sums thy swelling coffers hold?
Not all those sums can bribe one painful hour,
When death arrests thee lingering o'er thy gold.

Think, e'er too late, these high priz'd riches given,
For suffering merit, for neglected worth,
And thou the favor'd substitute of heaven,
To pour its delegated bounties forth.

C.

2d month, 1806.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

Permit me through the medium of your valuable paper, to suggest a few hints that occurred to me as I was travelling homeward this evening, on the subject of keeping Dogs within the precincts of our metropolis. According to the ideas of most of our present enlightened writers, no man ought to write upon any subject without he has a tolerable knowledge of it; and if ocular demonstration and personal feelings can in any way impart such a knowledge, the fact which I am about to relate will, I trust, be considered as entitling me to some share of experience on this subject.

Near the centre of the city I was accosted on the pavement by one of the canine race, who gave a specimen of the strength of his lungs while I was yet at the distance of twenty feet from him, but as no person was near the spot, I clearly perceived that his attention was pointedly directed at me. A momentary survey of my dress convinced me that he had no reason to quarrel with me on that head, and moving onward in silence concluded that an umbrella which I had in my hand was probably the cause of his perturbation. Accordingly this was removed in a careless way under my arm, and I advanced leisurely to the spot where stood this four-footed champion, who changed his barking manner into a grin of defiance, and scarce stepped back sufficiently to let me pass him in peace. As it is frequently remarked that a barking dog is not apt to bite, the noise which this fellow made did not in the least alarm me; for although he was of a large size, and might be called a full grown mastiff, I should never have noticed his impertinence, had he not called my attention to an elderly dog of the half bull breed, a few paces distant from him. This latter named hero, roused from a recumbent posture by the summons of his comrade, boldly squared himself for action on the middle of the pavement, without uttering any sound but a kind of inward growling. A shake of my umbrella served to convince him that I was prepared for combat if necessary, and he suffered me to pass without much difficulty; joining his companion in open mouthed cry, till I was fairly out of sight.

Now, although no serious inconvenience attended this rencounter, I could not help thinking it somewhat disagreeable to be thus publicly brought forward as an object of notice even by a dog. A thought struck me at the time, that I had read in some of our late newspapers, a Law or Bill pending for the taxing of these animals. Should there be such a law existing, I hope that in such a large city as this is, where so many of these offenders patrole the streets, the tax will be duly collected, and also wish that it may be sufficiently heavy to lessen the number of the species in our neighborhood. Let not this, however, be construed into an implication that I am a decided foe to the canine race; but let it be considered as proceeding from an earnest desire to see them rased and employed in their proper sphere. From the grinning extra toothed bull-dog that frequents our market, to the little shaggy hollow-eyed minion lolling on his mistress's sofa, I respect them all; and can cordially agree with any body in a disposition

" To mark his true, his faithful way,
" And in my service copy Tray;"

But I will never give my sanction to any measure, that will encourage the larger sized or spiteful creatures of any breed whatever to patrole the streets without the eye of their master, and insolently dispute the pavement with every passing stranger.

It is also worthy of remark that these animals, generally sure-footed themselves, mark with a steady eye of attack the tottering steps of any one advancing, and single out such persons, as fit objects of prey. Now, although some will readily admit, that a human creature, when intoxicated with liquor, is reduced to a level with the brute creation, and may be insulted by brutes as a just punishment for his degeneracy, I cannot imagine that any member of your philanthropic body would agree to this doctrine. How much more shocking, then, is it to view the venerable form of old age, the imbecile steps of the infirm convalescent, or the piercing cry of helpless infancy, when thus assailed!

Philad. Feb. 3, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

NEW-YEAR REFLECTION.

TO JANE.

Old Father *Time*, with hasty step,
Still on the world is striding,
Away another year is swept:
How life's short hours are gliding!

We saw the tott'ring feeble form
Of age, that slowly paces;
It bent beneath life's wintry storm,
And sunk in death's embraces.

And some with whom, in pleasure's ring,
All care and sorrow scorning,
We oft were wont to dance and sing,
In life's gay giddy morning—

No more shall join our future noise;
Shall taste our pleasures never;
For death on all terrestrial joys
Has clos'd their eyes forever.

Some like the rose, in ruddy glow,
The dews of spring were drinking,
Now like the lilly bending low,
Are fading, ah! they're sinking.

But ours is still the boon of health,
The sportive years of pleasure:
We'll prize it as our greatest wealth,
Be thankful for the treasure.

While some 'neath Plutus' golden dome,
With anxious hearts are toiling,
'Tis ours to boast an humble home,
Where joy and love are smiling.

For absent, dead, or worthless son,
No eye at home is swelling:
No frowning bailiff's ceaseless dun,
Invades our peaceful dwelling.

The spring of life thy motions speak,
No ill thy form invading,
The rose that Beauty gave thy cheek
Still blushes there unfading.

"And well I ween" some favor'd swain,
Endu'd with pleasing powers,
E'er long will lead my lovely JANE
To Hymen's happy bowers.

Come, let us oft, with grateful hearts
For every blessing given,
Proclaim what bounteous hand imparts,
In songs of praise to heaven.

And then, as time is striding on,
We'll backward turn Reflection;
Review the years forever gone,
With pleasing retrospection.

EDMUND.

1*st mo.* 1, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

I hope I shall not incur an opposite appellation from that self-given, by my *modest* opponent, if I again claim the indulgence of the Fire-side circle, for a momentary interruption of more agreeable interchange of sentiments; then, like the Parthians, who discharge their arrows and fly the combat, I will quit the field of contest forever.

"X." will pardon me if I query, whether there is not more of *sophistry* than *solidity* in his reply to SELINA. Had his eloquence the power to make the *worse* appear the *better* argument, yet sober truth would detect the imposition, from every day's experience; as the light gossamer is no longer visible, when the sun exhales the dew that glitters on its surface.

I had really given "X." credit for more discernment than he appears willing to possess; he eitheir does not comprehend my obvious meaning, or, as I rather suspect, wilfully perverts it. In the first place, 'enfeebled" for feeble powers. The powers alluded to are not enervate from *mis-use:* they are sufficient for the individuals possessing them, and often times but little more than gleam on the view, or remain wholly obscured, like "lamps in sepulchres;" whether from physical conformation, or a more limited mental endowment, I pretend not to decide. For a distinction of talents may I not refer to holy writ? where *three* are given to *one*, and *five* to *another*, and the gracious giver does not appear dissatisfied, though each no more than doubles the talents given; but the reward appears the same, and the same the approbation. Neither is Happiness solely the concomitant of Wisdom and Knowledge. Pope asserts,

"The learn'd are happy, nature to explore,
"The fool is happy that he knows no more."

Again—I would enquire of "X." whether nice discernment, and keen perceptibility, of *beauty* and *defect*, can be gratified by indifferent composition? if (as he undoubtedly must) he allows they cannot, surely then, he will exonerate *Selina* from the charge of paying herself a compliment, at the expence of her understanding. He will comprehend, that intelligence must enliven the *page*, ere any fine enjoyment can be derived from its perusal. 'Tis to little purpose to repeat to "unwilling hearers," that *nature must* lay the foundation of *genius*, before *art can* raise the superstructure of elegant superiority.

I will only apologise for thus protracting an exhausted theme, and hastily take my leave, with the assurance that I shall endeavor to mind better my "calling," than to again obtrude on your attention the name of

SELINA.

For the Evening Fire-side.

POEMS OF CATHARINE L——.

[We feel much pleasure in presenting to our readers the following interesting little Poems, for the manuscript of which we are indebted to an intimate friend of their author: by whom we are also favored with a few particulars respecting the life of our poetess, which it is expected will give peculiar interest to the productions of her pathetic muse; and from which information we have sketched the following memoir:—

To a person graced with every charm that could attract admiration, which is always inspired by beauty, she united those endearing virtues of the heart, and brilliant accomplishments of the mind, which exalt human nature to a state more worthy its original.

At about the age of nineteen she received the addresses of a young gentleman from one of the southern states, who, though possessed of an ample fortune, was destitute of those more intrinsic qualities which could have rendered him an object worthy her affections.

Her father, anxious for the welfare of his daughter, but misled by the too common opinion that *wealth* is a circumstance of *primary* importance in such connections, used every persuasion to induce her to accept the proposals of her suitor, to which the warmth of filial affection at length induced her to accede. Shortly after their marriage, they left this city for his country residence. There the distresses which first gave rise to the poems in question, soon began to wither the blooming graces of her person, and to depress the natural cheerfulness of her heart. In a short time she discovered her husband to be a very dissipated character; seldom at home, and when there, continually surrounded by a circle of convivial company. Such a course of life very illy accorded with the amiable disposition of Catharine. Seeing all the delusive prospects of her youth thus completely blasted, her breast soon became a prey to the bitterness of reflection. But still she had the happiness of finding in her mother-in-law (who resided with her) an affectionate and worthy companion, from whose society she now derived her chief consolation.

A series of calamities about this time seemed to fill up the measure of her sufferings. Her infant son William, on whom she doated with all the fervor of maternal affection, and in whom, the partiality of a fond mother, perceived the dawn of every amiable and exalted quality of the mind and heart, was removed from her by death. The death of her mother-in-law, and beloved father, which quickly succeeded that of her only son, gave another and more poignant wound to her bosom, yet bleeding with the former; as if it were the design of Heaven, by rending from her heart every strong and tender tie that confined her views within the narrow precincts of humanity, thus to prepare her with greater resignation to meet her approaching dissolution, and raise her mind to those

"Prospects that bloom beyond the skies,
"Mature in endless day."

Destitute as she now was of every earthly source of consolation, her bosom soon became the seat of a settled and unyielding dejection. Nature was inadequate to the support of her situation, and her health so rapidly declined, as to admit no expectation of her recovery. But

previous to her death the sacred influence of religion gradually dispelled the clouds of despondency, and evinced its power, (in her own language)

" ——To calm the troubled breast :
" To whisper more than mortal rest,
" And heal a breaking heart."

But this relief came too late to restore the wonted tenor of her health : death had marked her for his victim, and the evening of that life, whose morning wore a deceitful smile, and whose noon was darkened by the clouds of adversity, was closed with a smile of heavenly serenity and peace.]

* * * * * *

NO. I.

AN ADDRESS TO RELIGION.

Religion, come ! O maid divine !
In all thy radiant glories shine !
And smile upon my woes ;
Tell me 'tis weakness now to mourn,
O ! whisper that the peaceful urn
Will every grief compose.

O come, bright power ! possess my soul,
And reign supreme without controul,
Director of my will :
Bid ev'ry wav'ring passion cease ;
O point the way to perfect peace !
And every murmur still.

Though sorrow now erects her throne,
And calls this throbbing heart her own,
Thou canst repel her dart ;
'Tis thine to calm the troubled breast,
To whisper more than mortal rest,
And heal a breaking heart.

When schemes of joy, and gay delight,
The sensual heart to bliss invite,
Thou fliest the giddy scene :
'Tis when stern pain her seeds has sown,
And strew'd with thorns the bed of down,
Religion reigns supreme.

Nor yet to calm my troubled soul,
Nor sorrow's murmurs to controul,
To thee I lowly bend ;
From the swift varying transient scene
Of life's delusive, airy dream,
My soaring wish I send.

Erect thy empire o'er my heart,
Celestial visitant ! impart
A ray of grace divine :
Humility with down-cast eye,
And heaven-born Philanthropy,
Around my heart entwine.

From passion's dread tyrannic sway,
Oh ! bear me far, on thy blest ray,
To noblest prospects fir'd :
Be mine, with simpathy sincere,
To mix with woe the friendly tear,
By Charity inspir'd.

O come, with healing on thy wings,
From the vain strife of earthly things !
My weary soul convey
To that pursuit which dignifies ;
Prospects which bloom beyond the skies,
Mature in endless day.

For the Evening Fire-side.

A RURAL TALE.

Young David was a lad of sprightly mien,
In height a fathom, with an eye so keen
That all the damsels for twelve miles around
Sought in his love to have their wishes crown'd.
For first of all the rustic youths was he,
To till the ground, or fell the lofty tree.
His simple mind was not with learning fraught,
Save that which nature to her sons had taught :
This knowledge from her dictates too he gain'd—
To cope with female art each nerve is strain'd.
Therefore resolv'd in case he took a wife,
To seek for one in humble walks of life.
At last he pitch'd on Rachel of the Mill,
To try with her each portion of his skill.
This blooming damsel us'd to tend the mart
With butter, poultry, eggs, in one-horse-cart.
Her face was lovely, and nut-brown her hair,
With health like Hebe, and as Venus fair.
Full many languish'd to possess her charms :
She only wish'd to bless her David's arms ;
For oft the youth had told his tale of love,
The virgin blush'd and did his vows approve.
So far their plans of mutual bliss were fram'd,
Our hero urg'd the wedding night be nam'd:
But she propos'd (a little time to gain,)
One puzzling question to her lover's brain,
Which when resolv'd, she'd go without delay,
And take her vows to honor and obey.
In simple story thus she put her case,
While David listen'd with a lengthen'd face :

" I have some eggs, their number fain I'd know,
" Within my basket, which is here below.
" I told them off in pairs, when lo I found
" There was an odd one left upon the ground ;
" In parcels next of three these eggs I place,
" But still an odd one stares me in the face :
" By heaps of four their number next I tried :
" It would not do, the odd one still I spied :
" In hillocks now of five they even stand,
" Pray tell the total number of the band."

David, perplex'd, could utter scarce a word,
When at this moment a bright thought occurr'd,
To humble in his turn the fair one's pride,
And, taking off his hat, he thus replied :

" I will consider 'bout your eggs of course,
" But beg you'll help me first with what is worse :
" I fell'd a piece of timber, which has roll'd
" Into our creek, and, curious to behold,
" One third is buried in the mud ; one half
" In water lies—and, what will make you laugh,
" The butt expos'd to air is just my length,
" Now help me while with our united strength
" We say how many feet this log contains,
" And then your eggs shall next employ my brains."

H.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

As I was a few days since reading Strangford's translation of the poems of Camoens, my attention was particularly taken with the following ; and, believing that variety, to a number of your readers, will be charming, I send it to you, hoping you will give it a place in your useful miscellany. Yours,

T. VARIETY.

I met Love, wand'ring o'er the wild,
In semblance of a simple child ;
I heard his name, and in the sound
So much of sweet persuasion found,
That, piteous of his tears, I prest
The little darling to my breast,
And watch'd his quiet slumbers there,
With all a father's tender care !

From day to day the orphan grew,
And with him my affections too ;
Till at the last, around my mind
The winning boy so closely twin'd,
I learnt his baby form to prize,
Like one of those within my eyes,
And lov'd the young adopted, more
Than ever sire did son before !

I had a bank of fav'rite flowers,
Which blossom'd e'en in wintry hours,
Content, the bosom's thornless rose,
And innocence, and heart's repose ;—
Love, like a rude and wanton boy,
Broke into my bow'rs of joy ;
Tore Content's young roses thence,
Kill'd Repose—and Innocence !

Ah, wretch ! what mischief hast thou done
To him who lov'd thee like a son !
How couldst thou dim the doating eyes
Which did thee like their babies prize ?
How break the heart of him who prest
Thee, cold and weeping, to his breast,
And watch'd thy quiet slumbers there,
With all a father's tender care ?

Incitement to Enterprise and Emulation.

Nil Desperandum. ——HOR.

I have sometimes heard it disputed in conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable, that a man should think too highly or too meanly of himself : it is on all hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly ; but since a fallible being will always make some deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly useless to enquire towards which side it is safer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind seem to favor him who errs by under-rating his powers : he is considered as a modest and harmless member of society, not likely to break the peace by competition,

to endeavor after such splendor of reputation as may dim the lustre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themselves; he is no man's rival, and therefore may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished, in order to an accurate discussion of this question, as it relates to persons or to things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, cannot with equal justice provoke censure.

It must be confessed, that self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own favor: but who is hurt by the mistake: If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labor, and ours is the disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear, in great attempts and great performances: if he should not fully complete his design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honor.

But from the opposite error, from torpid despondency, can come no advantage; it is the frost of the soul, which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success, will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man should, therefore, endeavor to maintain in himself a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are, perhaps, in every man, greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their possessor presumes to believe. There is scarce any man but has found himself able, at the instigation of necessity, to do what in a state of leisure and deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our species have signalized themselves by such achievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preserve, by some public monuments, the memory of those who have served their country by great exploits; there is the same reason for continuing or reviving the names of those whose extensive abilities have dignified humanity. An honest emulation may be alike excited; and the philosopher's curiosity may be enflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themistocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favorites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton; of whose history, whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon incontestible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

"Virtue," says Virgil, "is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing "form:" the person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre, a kind of challege to the learned of that university to dispute with him on a certain day: offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed, three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty masters appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confesses, that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours, he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the Pope and cardinals the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city: then visited Padua, where he engaged in in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated, in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagonists should propose of a hundred different kinds of verse.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting; he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music; he danced with uncommon gracefulness, and on the day after his disputation at Paris exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than his learning, or his courage inferior to his skill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his sanguina-

ry success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke, with some reluctance, consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapon seems to have been single rapier, which was then newly introduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, and Crichton contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigor by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant, and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will enquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or by fortune.

The duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vincentio di Gonzaga, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honor was of short continuance; for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the streets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked. Neither his courage nor his skill in this exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who, throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince, his pupil. Crichton, falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince, who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him though the heart.

Thus was the admirable Crichton brought into that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honors paid to his memory: the court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning; the contemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

ADVENTURER.

From the Italian.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts in liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the silent green-wood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Description of the Humming-Bird.

(ABRIDGED FROM BUFFON.)

Of all animated beings, the Humming-Bird is the most elegant in its form, and the most brilliant in its colors. The precious stones and metals polished by our art cannot be compared to this jewel of nature. Her miniature productions are ever the most wonderful; she hath placed it in the order of birds, at the bottom of the scale of magnitude; but all the talents which are only spared among the others, nimbleness, rapidity, sprightliness, grace, and rich decoration, she has profusely bestowed upon this little favorite. The emerald, the ruby, the topaz, sparkle in its plumage, which is never soiled by the dust of the ground. It inhabits the air; it flutters from flower to flower; it breathes their freshness; it feeds on their nectar, and resides in climates where they blow in perpetual succession.

It is in the hottest part of the new world that all the species of humming-birds are found. They are numerous, and seem confined between the tropics; for those which penetrate in summer into the temperate zones make but a short stay. They follow the course of the sun; with him they advance or retreat; they fly on the wings of the zephyr, to wanton in eternal spring.

The Indians, struck with the dazzle and glow of the colors of these brilliant birds, have named them the beams or locks of the sun. The Spaniards call them tomineos, a name expressive of their diminutive size, some of the smaller species not exceeding twenty-four grains in weight. Their bill is a fine needle, and their tongue a delicate thread; their little black eyes resemble two brilliant points; the feathers of their wings are so thin as to look transparent; hardly can the feet be perceived, so short they are and so slender: and these are little used, for they rest chiefly during the night. Their flight is buzzing, continued, and rapid; and the noise of their wings has been compared to the whirl of a spinning wheel: so rapid is the quiver of their pinions, that when the bird halts in the air, it seems at once deprived of motion and of life. Thus it rests a few seconds beside a flower, and again shoots to another like a gleam. It visits them all, thrusting its little tongue into their bosoms, and caressing them with its wings: it never settles, but it never quite abandons them. Its playful inconstancy multiplies its innocent pleasures: for the dalliance of this little lover of flowers never spoils their beauty; he only sips their honey.

Nothing can equal the vivacity of these little creatures, but their courage, or rather audacity; they furiously pursue birds twenty times larger than themselves, fix in the plumage, and as they are hurried along, strike keenly with the bill, till they vent their feeble rage: sometimes even they fight obstinately with each other. They are all impatience; if, upon alighting in a flower, they find it faded, they will pluck the petals with a precipitation that marks their displeasure.

Their voice is only a feeble cry, *screp, screp*, which is frequent and reiterated. They are heard in the woods at the dawn of the morning, and as soon as the sun begins to gild the summits of the trees, they take wing and disperse in the fields.

They are solitary; and indeed, fluttering irregular in the breeze, they could hardly associate. But the power of love surmounts the elements, and with its golden chain it binds all animated beings. They are seen to pair in the breeding season; their nest corresponds to the delicacy of their bodies; it is formed with the soft cotton or silky down gathered from flowers, and has the consistency and feel of a thick smooth skin. The female performs the work, and the male collects the materials. She applies herself with ardor; selects one by one the fibres proper to form the texture of this kindly cradle for her progeny; she smoothes the margin with her breast, the

inside with her tail; she covers the outside with bits of the bark of the gum tree, which are stuck to shelter from the weather, and give solidity to the fabric; the whole is attached to two leaves, or a single sprig of the orange or citron, or sometimes to a straw hanging from the roof of an hut. The nest is not larger than the half of an apricot, and contains two eggs, which are entirely white, and not exceeding the bulk of small peas. The cock and hen sit by turns eleven or twelve days; when the young are excluded, they are not larger than flies.

The humming-bird is obtained by shooting it with sand. They may be caught by placing a twig, smeared over with a clammy substance, in a flowering shrub. It is easy to lay hold of the little creature while it hums at a blossom. It dies soon after it is caught, and serves to decorate the Indian girls, who wear two of these charming birds, as pendants from their ears. The Peruvians had the art of forming their feathers into pictures, whose beauty is perpetually extolled in the older narratives.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how beneath the moon-beam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast!
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus Man the sport of bliss and ease,
Rises on Time's eventful sea!
And having swell'd a moment there,
Then melts into eternity.

MOORE.

A Sketch of the Alps at day-break.

The sun-beams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow:
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roebuck thro' the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.*

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perch'd, like an eagle's nest, on high.

* There are passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above.

GRAY, SEC. 5. HET. 4.

Anecdote of the late King of Prussia.

It has often been justly observed, that great events sometimes spring from trifling causes. This is exemplified in a circumstance that occurred at the commencement of the late war. The king of Prussia, the Duke of Brunswick, and General Clairfayt, had concerted an attack on the French. It was made at the appointed time, but the French were prepared, and the allies retreated without success. The three chiefs again met, and the king of Prussia opened the conversation by observing—"Well, this attack has failed, and it now only remains to consult what farther is to be done."—General Clairfayt answered with some asperity—"Consultation will be useless; for though there are only three of us here, one of us is a *traitor*. It was utterly impossible that the French could have known of the attack itself, the point where it was made, and have prepared themselves as they did, unless our secret had been betrayed, and I therefore repeat that one of us is a *traitor*."—The King immediately replied—"Upon my word, General, this is extraordinary language. I am a sovereign, and accountable to nobody for my actions; but, however, to shew that your charge does not apply to me, I here declare, upon my honor, that I never mentioned the circumstance to a single creature alive—*except to the Countess de Lustangu*."—This lady was his Majesty's mistress, and no doubt knew the value of the secret too well not to sell it for a handsome bribe—she was banished from the capital after the kings' death.

WINTER—*Moralized.*

What though the sun withdraws his ray,
And clouds bedark the sky?
Yet soon shall Winter steal away,
And Spring salute the eye.

But, ah! when wintry Age draws on,
A dreary scene's in store;
Life's sun, that warm'd the heart, is gone,
And Spring returns no more!

Then, ah! before that sun goes down,
And sets in endless night:
Come, Wisdom, with thy starry crown,
And guide my spirits right.

Thou, Virtue, too, celestial maid!
Thy choicest blessing bring:
Life, then, tho' sunk in Winter's shade,
Shall wear the bloom of Spring.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—*London, Dec.* 2.—We on Saturday laid before our readers the distressing intelligence received from Holland, of the signature of a treaty of peace between the Emperor of Germany and the French.—The following is the letter from the Dutch Admiral Kikhert:—

"*Brutus, Nov.* 24, 1805.

"Rear Admiral Kikhert has the honor to inform the commander of any of his Britannic Majesty's ship which are on the coast of Holland, that the important intelligence of Peace having been signed between the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Germany, under the walls of Vienna, has been received by an extraordinary courier; and that the conditions were so settled, that until the ratification of the Treaty, Venice and the whole of the Tyrol should continue in the hands of the French.—The Archduke Charles is dead with chagrin and fatigue.—A more detailed account is every moment expected of the conditions of the Treaty, among which, it is said, there is an article, stating, that the government of Austria is to pay to the Emperor of the French forty millions of livres.

"KIKHERT."

Extract of a letter from New-York, dated February 3.

Official advice from Germany, per the ship Nancy, from St. Lucar, from the American Consul.

"The 13th of November last, the French army entered Vienna.—The Imperial Austrian court has retired to Brima in Moravia.—The 14th, a body of the French army entered Presburg in Hungary. The same day his imperial and royal majesty Napoleon, organized Austria into a government. Gen. Mack is appointed Gov. General—each of the conquered circles are placed under the directions of a Superintendancy.

"Monsieur D. Arm, Counsellor of State, is appointed Superintendant of Gral.

"The Russian army has offered to capitulate, provided they may be permitted to return to their country. His imperial majesty Francis 2d would wish to make a like capitulation.

"Several bodies of the French army were in pursuit of the Russians, who were in full retreat towards Brunn.

"The Germans write that the Russians in their retreat commit many violences, robbing, plundering, and murdering as they go along. Gen. Klene was entering Bohemia. The kingdom of Hungary offers to capitulate, which will be granted. Near 3,000 pieces of brass cannon, and about 200,000 muskets have been taken. Among the great number of prisoners made by the French army, there were an infinite number of French emigrants, particularly some that were at-

aly during the laſt war with the emperor Napoleon, who, far from ordering them to be conſigned over to a council of war to take their trials, ſaid to them, 'Ye have now no other country left to emigrate to; ye are pardoned; return to your country, and follow the example of your glorious countrymen."

The above news is confirmed by Captain Taber, from Tonningen.

Extract of another letter from New-York, dated February 3.

"By the arrival this morning of the ſhip Lucy, from San Lucar, (Spain) official intelligence is received that the French army entered Vienna on the 14th Nov. and that the Auſtrian court had retired to Brin, in Moravia. On the 14th a body of French troops entered Preſburgh.—The ſame day Emperor Napoleon organized Auſtria into a government, and appointed Gen Mack ſuperintendant of the conquered countries.

"Gen. Cline was on his march to Bohemia. Hungary offers to capitulate, as does alſo the Ruſſian army, provided they be permitted to return to their own country."

Domestic.—We learn that the Bridge lately built over the Delaware near Trenton, is ſo far completed that it was opened on the 30th ult. when ſeveral loaded waggons and ſome hundred people croſſed and re croſſed the ſame.

We have now paſſed two winter months, without feeling any of the rigors of winter, except eight or ten days in the middle of January, in which time we had ſome ſnow, and our navigation impeded for a few days with ice, but that, by the late mild weather, is now vaniſhed

From Washington.—*Mr. Gregg's Motion* to ſuſpend commercial intercourſe with Great Britain and her dependencies. January 29, 1806—Read, and ordered to be committed to a committee of the whole houſe on the ſtate of the Union.

Whereas Great Britain impreſſes citizens of the United States, and compels them to ſerve on board her ſhips of War; and alſo ſiezes and condemns veſſels belonging to citizens of the United States, and their cargoes being the bona fide property of American citizens, not contraband of war, and not proceeding to places beſieged or blockaded, under the pretext of their being engaged in time of war, in a trade with her enemies, which was not allowed in time of peace.

And whereas the government of the U. States has repeatedly remonſtrated to the Britiſh government againſt theſe injuries, and demanded ſatisfaction therefor, but without effect.

Therefore,

Reſolved, that until equitable and ſatisfactory arrangements on theſe points ſhall be made between the two governments, it is expedient, that from and after the day of next, no goods, wares, or merchandize, of the growth, product, or manufacture of Great Britain, or of any of the colonies or dependencies thereof, ought to be imported into the United States: Provided, however, that whenever arrangements, deemed ſatisfactory by the Preſident of the United States, ſhall take place, it ſhall be lawful for him, by proclamation, to fix a day on which the prohibition aforeſaid ſhall ceaſe.

The following ſtatement of Payments made into the Treaſury of the United States by the ſeveral Collectors of Cuſtoms, during four years, commencing April 1, 1801, and ending the 31ſt of March, 1805, exhibits the amount of revenue of the reſpective ports in the Union.

Ports.	Payments. Dolls.	Cts.
New York	12,852,020	87
Philadelphia	7,777,965	14
Boſton	6,408,400	26
Baltimore	3,851,963	08
Charleſton	3,013,639	77
Salem (Maſs.)	1,034,408	07
Savannah	914,030	73
Providence	781,556	12
Portland	545,235	66
New Haven	510,637	15
Peterſburg	510,506	17
Portſmouth	484,513	41
Alexandria	467,761	23
Newburyport	400,614	30
Newport	390,916	70
Middleton	382,757	31
Wilmington (N. C.)	319,110	07
Richmond	260,032	43
New London	282,049	88
Wilmington (Del.)	230,327	87
Kennebunk	166,984	94
Newbern	146,429	95
Edenton	129,505	57
Briſtol (R. I.)	106,600	
Glouceſter	104,049	61
Bath	96,927	19
Tappahannock	93,249	97
Marblehead	92,439	48
Wiſcaſſet	89,422	45
Fairfield	72,900	46
New-Bedford	71,227	50
Waſhington (N. C.)	67,234	64
Biddeford	61,941	62
Nantucket	58,395	41
Plymouth	57,256	99
Waldoborough	52,132	96
Penobſcot	51,366	63
Doighton	35,200	61
Georgetown (S. C.)	33,086	56
Michillimackinack	33,075	05
Camden	32,900	
Fort Adams	26,900	
York (Maſs.)	26,698	72
New Orleans	23,791	83
Edgartown	21,879	21
Detroit	18,132	
Georgetown (Col.)	15,950	
Barnſtable	15,002	58
Hudſon	14,200	43
Snow Hill	12,156	48
Brunſwick	11,318	54
Beaufort (N. C.)	10,000	
Folly Landing	8,900	
Cherryſtone	7,134	63
Eaſt-River	6,624	
Great Egg Harbor	5,700	
Perth-Amboy	5,150	
Beaufort (S. C.)	4,500	
Vermont	4,022	83
Oxford	3,840	56
St. Mary,s	3,551	27
Maſſac	3,400	
Vienna	2,500	
Sag Harbor	2,456	76
Burlington	2,152	
Yorktown	1,500	
Palmyra	1,370	
Champlaine	1,200	
Allburgh	1,145	
Bridgetown	1000	
Havre-de-Grace	950	
Frenchman's Bay	614	48
Ipſwich	600	
Machias	500	
Cheſter (Md.)	350	
Dumfries	340	
Paſſamaquody	212	42
Louisville	20	

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Anna's lonely charmer of the grove, it gives us pain to ſay, is unworthy to meet the public eye. We hope ſhe may not be diſcouraged from future attempts by the ill fate of her firſt.

To our friend Camilla we recommend an attentive peruſal of Murray's Engliſh Grammar.

Dowell M'Donovan's advertiſement is inadmiſſible.

A.—We think thee a pitiful imitator of Hervey, and adviſe thee to ſtudy thy *favorite* author with greater attention.

Antoninus and the ſelection with which we are favoured by Anonymous, are under conſideration.

Pyramis's "Stanzas to the agreeable Miſs J———s," are not void of *poetic* merit, but we think them rather indelicate.

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